

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

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Sung by Gus Williams

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Life has its cares and sorrows,  
Its pleasures and its pains,  
As long its rugged road we go,  
We oft strike narrow lanes;  
The lucky star its favorite has,  
While many it will miss,  
But after all when life is done,  
We find it only this:—

CHORUS.

Just a little cradle, just a little child,  
Just a few fast fleeting years, just a boy so wild,  
Soon he reaches manhood, then comes on old age,  
Thus we have the journey from the cradle to the grave.

We see our loved ones fading,  
And we are lonely here,  
Our hair is turning gray, which shows  
We older grow each year;  
Let's be contented with our lot,  
And as we go along,  
Remember many are worse off,  
And gaily sing our song.

Just a little cradle, &c.

Should you meet some poor fellow,  
Who's struggling hard with fate,  
Don't speak words of discouragement,  
Or tell him 'tis too late;  
But give him a lifting hand,  
To help him get along,  
Your dreams will happier, brighter be,  
And you'll think of my song.

Just a little cradle, &c.

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